Launce. Pray you let's haue no more fooling, about it, but giue mee your blessing: I am *Launcelet* your boy that was, your sonne that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Launc. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am *Launcelet* the Iewes man, and I am sure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* in deede, ile be sworne if thou bee *Launcelet*, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshipt might he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haire on thy chinne, then Dobbin my phillhorse hase on his taile.

Launce. It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure hee had more haire of his taile then I haue of my face when I lost saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou changd: how doost thou and thy Master agree, I haue brought him a present; how gree you now?

Launce. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my rest to runne away, so I will not rest till I haue runne some ground; my Maister's a very Iewe, giue him a present, giue him a halter, I am famisht in his seruice. You may tell euery finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your present to one Maister *Bassanio*, who in deede giues rare newe Lyuories, if I serue not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O rare fortune, heere comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iewe if I serue the Iewe any longer.

Enter Bassanio *with a follower or two.*

Bass. You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by fiue of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the Lyueries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

Launce. To him Father.

Gob. God blesse your worship.

Bass. Gramercie, wouldst thou ought with me.

Gobbe. Heere's my sonne sir, a poore boy.

Launce. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich Iewes man that would sir as my Father shall specifie.

Gob.

Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serue.

Lau. Indeede the short and the long is, *I* serue the Iewe, & haue a desire as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. His Maister and he (sauing your worships reuerence) are scarce catercosins,

Lau. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Iewe hauing done me wrong, dooth cause me as my Father being I hope an old man shall frutifie vnto you.

Gob. I haue heere a dish of Doues that I would bestow vppon your worship, and my suite is.

Lau. In very briefe, the suite is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shall knowe by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Bass. One speake for both, what would you?

Laun. Serue you sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtaind thy suite,
Shylocke thy Maister spoke with me this day,
And hath preferd thee, if it be preferment
To leaue a rich Iewes seruice, to become
The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Clowne. The old prouerb is very well parted betweene my Master *Shylocke* and you sir, you haue the grace of God sir, and hee hath enough.

Bass. Thou speakst it well; goe Father with thy Sonne
Take leaue of thy old Maister, and enquire
My lodging out, giue him a Lyuerie
More garded then his fellowes: see it done.

Clowne. Father in, I cannot get a seruice, no, I haue nere a tong in my head, wel: if any man in Italy haue a fayrer table which dooth offer to sweare vpon a booke, I shall haue good fortune; goe too, heere's a simple lyne of life, heeres a small tryfle of wiues, alas, fifteene wiues is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maydes is a simple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perrill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, heere are simple scapes: vvell, if Fortune be a woman she's a good wench for this gere: Father come, ile take my leaue of the Iewe in